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Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 9

What is Mussolini's war against Ethiopia but one of conquest? We had supposed most civilized nations had got beyond that sort of thing.

The American Humane Association is much encouraged by the progress made toward the invention of what may be called a humane trap. It believes the goal is in sight. The Association has long been working for this end.

Another state, Connecticut, has joined Massachusetts and New York in forbidding the setting up of horses' tails and the exhibiting of any horse with a tail set up after its law went into effect. Other states are bound to follow until this cruel and foolish practice is stopped throughout the land.

Whether or not oil separators in oil burning ships are the solution of the problem which has to do with saving the sea birds of the coastal waters of the world from the fatal effects of oil discharged from ships, England has at least equipped more ships with these devices than any other Maritime Power.

Approximately 12,000,000 persons, nearly one-half the British electorate, have voted their confidence in the League of Nations and their support of an international agreement for reduction of armaments. In announcing the ballot, June 27, Lord Cecil said, "This ballot is not an end in itself. It must be made the starting point for further exertion."

Many, many years ago, it was Garfield, if we remember correctly, who, on a visit to Africa, was asked to address a large gathering of colored people. He said in his address, "We are told in the Bible that Ethiopia shall reach out her hands unto God. It seems to me," he continued, "as if God was reaching out his hand to Ethiopia." Well, Providence has not always been on the side of the heaviest battalions.

Let's Think a Moment

CRIME and cruelty day after day are blazoned before us in our daily papers. Repeatedly we hear the words, "It seems as if morally the nation is steadily sinking back into lawlessness and disregard of all that we once held dear. Think of the robberies, the kidnappings, the homicides, the divorces!" Well, think of them. But think also of this truth—that for every deed of cruelty to man or beast there are a million acts of kindness every day flowing out of gentle, unselfish hearts. For every murder, a million human hands ministering to the sick, the needy. For every divorce, a thousand homes where love and sacrifice keep their dear lights burning. For every beast or bird ill-treated, overloaded, beaten, starved, a great multitude of the world's wild life free and, according to their nature happy, and who shall number the cattle, the horses, the dogs, the family pets the world over who have love and care bestowed upon them, and the hundreds of societies in this and other lands working for the welfare of all animal life?

Is it not true that the crime and the cruelty, the lawlessness, the indifference to the rights of others with which the press and the radio, gathering them from the ends of the earth every hour, and crying them into our ears, are the exceptions? Among 125,000,000 people there will be the evil doers but they are the exception. Once, when there was no telegraph and no telephone, no radio and no wireless, we heard but little of what was happening except at our own doors. Must we not remember that slavery has nearly ended the world over, that forms of punishment and torture from which hosts of innocent as well as guilty suffered have been banished from civilized lands, that pitiful as is the lot of thousands of horses, mules and other lowly creatures in backward lands, the work for animals has changed the whole attitude of modern civilization toward them save with the exception of the relatively few races who seem without mercy?

God's still in his heaven. If all who seek a larger day will hope for it, work for it,

it will come, it is coming because "toward this far off divine event the whole creation moves," let the faithless and the hopeless say what they will. This is a vastly better world for man and beast than it was a thousand years ago, and, in spite of cloud and shadow, it is still moving out of darkness into light.

Pet Shows

THESE shows seem to be multiplying in number. What do we think of them? While not desiring to criticize other humane organizations that have conducted pet shows, especially where every care has been taken to prevent any suffering on the part of the animals, on general principles we believe it can be said that animals taken from their home surroundings, kept under restraint, brought into contact more or less closely with other animals, strangers to them, must suffer considerably from excitement and nervous strain. Personally, we should not want to give any unqualified endorsement of these pet shows. The writer of these words saw at a pet show many animals frightened, exposed to the hot sun, often restrained by chain or leash or rope, worried sometimes by strangers who came along and irritated them, and so evidently unhappy that one could wish them safe home again.

Undoubtedly cats suffer far more than dogs from being taken away from home and exposed to strangers. At least that has been the experience that has come to us from visiting these exhibits.

Where, however, the time of the animal from its home is limited to a few hours and it is always accompanied by its owner who keeps it in charge, and where the accommodations are ample, no doubt an interest in animals is awakened and encouraged which results in animal welfare.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

Webster's First Plea

NIXON WATERMAN

When Webster, matchless orator, was young,
Ere all the land had heard his golden tongue
Or he had dreamed of "doctor" or "degree,"
That youth of promise made his maiden plea.

A woodchuck which his brother 'Zekiel caught,
Before the bar of justice had been brought,
Trembling in limb and filled with awful fright,
Charged with the crime of foraging by night.

The family garden, wherein it had fared
And where the sly marauder had been snared,
Gave proof that plunged the culprit in disgrace,
Yet Daniel sought to plead his sorry case.

The court convened, the counsels' honors sired
Was called to occupy the bench as trier,
And ne'er did judge more earnestly attend
On pleas designed to punish or befriend.

Ezekiel, whose case seemed plain and strong,
Quite fully placed the prisoner in the wrong
And seemed to show, beyond all question, why
The self-convicted forager should die.

Then Daniel, as the counsel for defense,
Sought first to shake the plaintiff's evidence;
If wrong were done, 'twas nature's pressing need
That drove the hungry creature to the deed.

"Shall we, a life which God saw fit to give,
Blot out because that life has sought to live?
Will Providence unnumbered blessings send
To him who will not one poor life befriend?"

The words of Daniel touched his father's heart,
And from his eyes they saw the tear-drops start
As he announced in measured tones and slow
His verdict: "'Zekiel, let that woodchuck go!"

Read Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry," mailed, post free, to any address upon receipt of price, 75 cents. THE JACK LONDON CLUB is built on it. The present membership is 645,782, all pledged to do everything possible to stop the cruelty attendant upon trick animal stage performances. Will you join it? No dues. 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Animal Casualties

A Survey of Killed and Injured on the Highways

THE Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will start a survey to ascertain as far as possible the number and species of animals killed or maimed each year by careless automobile drivers. This survey is part of a national movement inaugurated by the American Humane Association.

This is the first time such a survey has been attempted on a national basis. For many years humane societies have been appealing to motorists in an effort to cut down animal casualties, but no national reports have been available.

Estimated casualties, based on meagre reports, and therefore more or less a guess, it is believed run possibly into millions a year.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is going to make every effort to cut down these animal mishaps, which for the most part are due to careless driving and indifference because the casualties involve only animals. But an animal is just as susceptible to pain as a human, and courts in many cities have ruled that animals have the same privileges as pedestrians on the highway.

Robbins B. Stoeckel, Commissioner of Motor Vehicles of Connecticut, says: "The number of people who love dogs and who understand them and to whom the companionship of the dog is an incalculable comfort is increasing. Aside from law, or its adaptations, or of morals and their application, it seems possible to bring to any person who is willing to think a little, the right attitude to assume in connection with super-care for dogs.

"A dog or a cat which is struck is usually the victim of its own mistake. These accidents are much like those which happen to pedestrians. There is in each usually a distraction of attention. There are also some dogs which persist in the belief that the rear tire of a car is an enemy and ought to be bitten. Such action sooner or later brings retribution.

"By far the greatest sufferers in high-

way accidents are the 'little people' of the woods and fields, the rabbits, chipmunks, squirrels, turtles, frogs, woodchucks and skunks, and some of the birds."

For the purpose of this survey our Society asks everyone with any consideration for animals to aid in the local survey by reporting any injury to an animal by a motorist. The individual's report to the society should be based on the number and kind of animals killed or injured.

The Association is confident it will have the support of considerate motorists, many of whom are owners of animals, and also points out that if the roads are made safer for animals they will be safer for motorists and for the public generally.

Progress in Portugal

FROM our foreign representative, Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton of Funchal, Madeira, we learn of the success of the Portuguese Humane Societies, which includes that in Madeira, headed by the Lisbon S. P. C. A., in preventing the more barbarous form of the bull-fight, in which the bull is killed, as in Spain, from being introduced into Portugal.

"As reported by me last year, all our efforts were in vain and the law introducing this more barbarous form of this so-called sport, instead of the Portuguese milder form in which the bull is not killed, came into force. But, fortunately, this met with no public success, and after the first five or six bull-fights, no repetitions of that more cruel form of the sport have taken place. There is no doubt the work of the Humane Societies is responsible for this piece of enlightenment. The Lisbon S. P. C. A., at whose door the principal credit for this has to be laid, energetically affirms that if any further attempt should be made to introduce them again, it will fight them tooth and nail, and have no doubt of renewed success.

"In their office in Lisbon, I discovered a fact which, even if it does not bear much fruit at present, still can be considered of very great importance. In the official organ for primary education, entitled "Escola Portuguesa," of 29th. November, 1934, special orders are issued regarding humane education, on the advice of the S. P. C. A. Although we do not set too great hopes upon this order being effectively carried out, yet a while, still the mere fact that it is issued is an epoch-making event. Humane education is also the goal of our Society here in Madeira, but there are some great difficulties to be overcome. It requires a regular income for the purpose, and competent teachers. These latter would have to be trained and taught what and how to teach. A very good method for this teaching has been thought out, and all the material is prepared.

"There has been the usual routine work during the year, and animals of many different kinds were attended to. Wild birds which are caught and brought in for sale, and caged under most cruel conditions, are occupying our attention at the moment. A very difficult problem to solve. Personally I should like to see a tax placed on bird cages, and not more than two birds allowed in one cage."



"THE SLY MARAUDER"

Our Border Line

Three thousand miles of border line!—nor
fort nor armed host
On all this frontier neighbor-ground from
east to western coast;
A spectacle to conjure with—a thought to
stir the blood!
A living proof to all the world of faith in
brotherhood.
Three thousand miles of border line—nor
has a century
Seen aught along this common course but
peace and harmony.
O nations bound in brotherhood! O faith in
fellow-man!
What better way on earth to dwell than this
God-given plan?
Three thousand miles of border line!—One
hundred years of peace!
In all the page of history what parallel to
this?
God speed that surely dawning day—that
coming hour divine—
When all the nations of the earth shall
boast such border line!

—The New York Times



A Humane Road Sign

CARLETON A. SCHEINERT

A few miles east of Pasadena, California, where U. S. Highway 66 runs, motorists coming from either direction are cautioned to use care by signs which read, "Peacocks Crossing Road." And one can have the unusual experience of seeing cars stopped while a peacock, tail spread, goes slowly across the highway!

The highway cut what is known as the Baldwin ranch, the home of these peacocks. But the birds refused to be restricted, insisting on passing from one part of the ranch to the other, now across the highway. So large, white enameled signs were put up, mounted on posts. The black letters on them stand out clearly, and motorists are watchful as they heed the warning.

Which speaks well for the humane feelings of all concerned!

The Plight of the Pelican

BRUCE JENNINGS

LONG before our motor boat grounded on the shallow beach at Antelope Island, in the midst of Great Salt Lake, we realized that something was wrong. For the first time in my several spring-time visits to the Island, a flock of great white birds, their immense spreading wings tipped with black, their S-shaped curve of neck outstretched in flight, did not rise at our approach. For the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the huge flock of pelicans which had, perhaps for centuries, nested and raised their young on Antelope Island had not returned.

A month went by, and still Antelope Island was deserted. The beautiful white birds, so graceful in flight, had disappeared, and we began to realize that what was probably the largest rookery in the United States, sheltering some ten thousand inhabitants, had been abandoned. Some time later the flock was reported nesting on Gunnison Island, more remote, more inaccessible to man, far out toward the western shore of the Great Salt Lake.

I, who have studied the habits of birds all my life, if only as an amateur, knew the explanation for this change of nesting-ground. The pelicans had been too frequently disturbed by casual visitors to Antelope Island. Frightened from their nests at frequent intervals, the sun and the sea gulls, the other inhabitants of the island, had together combined to destroy too many of their eggs, and they had sought another haven where they might raise their young in peace and security.

The story of the wild life of America is all too often a sad story, and this is especially true of the white pelican. In years gone by a very common bird in the United States and Canada, breeding in some seventy-five scattered rookeries, the pelican now numbers perhaps thirty thousand and appears to be on the way to extinction. Many of the rookeries were wiped out by the encroachments of mankind upon their native habitats. Many of the swamps near which they formerly nested have been drained. Their nesting-sites have been in most instances destroyed.

The western progress of what we are pleased to call "civilization" played havoc with the pelicans. Part of this was necessary in the process of making the country habitable for human beings, but this has never served to excuse the wanton destruction of the birds themselves. They are still relentlessly persecuted by sportsmen because of their fish-eating habits. Only some half dozen rookeries remain. Some of these are adequately protected; others, like the one on Great Salt Lake, are not. To be adequately protected, rookeries should be prohibited to the idly curious, for the birds must not be disturbed during the nesting season.

Those who are familiar with the habits of the pelican know that its diet is such slow-moving fish as the chub, the carp, and the sucker, fish usually classified as worthless by the angler. Seldom if ever do they prey on those fish which are valued by sportsmen. Despite this fact of common



MUST THE PELICAN FOLLOW THE PASSENGER PIGEON TO EXTINCTION?

observation, however, the pelican has been made the victim of endless persecution by those who imagine that their sport is interfered with. It has been a cruel and needless destruction of an unusual and picturesque species by individuals who seem to look upon other living things as their natural prey.

Some years ago the passenger pigeon was a relatively common bird. But the passenger pigeon was unprotected by game laws for so long that the species became extinct. Now that it is too late to remedy the situation, the passing of this bird has become a source of deep regret to the lovers of wild life.

Much the same fate is quite likely to become the lot of the pelican, which is each year becoming more and more rare. One is reminded of the statement made by one of America's foremost ornithologists. "The time to protect a species," he said, "is while the species is still common. The way to prevent the extinction of a species is never to let it become rare."

The pelican has already become rare and is no longer seen in many of its former haunts. Not many years ago thousands of them summered in the swamps below our ranch. Today those swamps are drained and under cultivation. The pelicans have been forced to seek another nesting-ground. This is but a minor incident in the story of the tribulations which the pelican has suffered, yet it illustrates the fate which may be in store for this species unless some remedial action is taken. Every year their struggle for existence is intensified, and their numbers are more and more concentrated in a few isolated and partially protected rookeries.

Should this process be permitted to continue unchecked, it would eventually result in the extinction of the species. Halfway measures have already more than proved inadequate in the attempt to protect and conserve America's wild life. Perhaps there are many who can regard the possible extinction of a species without regret, but

to those who would share the fortunes and misfortunes of life's adventure with the other inhabitants of the earth, different though they may be, it is unthinkable that the pelican should become another victim of indifference and belated regret.

The Birds' Bath

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

FREQUENT bathing is as essential to the health of birds as of man. While warm weather prevails they need more water to drink as well as in which to bathe, and the lowering or, in many instances, total drying up of small streams render an artificial supply of water a humane necessity. More, it supplies an excellent opportunity to study and enjoy the birds close at hand, not only those of your own garden but others of the entire community; for it is astonishing how quickly the word of your hospitality is passed on; and water is actually more necessary to life than food.

Choose preferably an open spot if there are cats in the neighborhood, for the birds are partly off guard through their diversion and with wet plumage are less active on the wing. True, birds like to take a dip and then fly to a near-by bush to dress their plumage. But if Tabby is to be reckoned with, it is safer to place a screen of wire netting in front of any shrub opposite the bath.

A wash basin secured to a piece of pipe as standard will suffice, but a concrete basin and pedestal are made at small cost and are more satisfactory. One part of cement, two of sand, and three of gravel is a standard combination, mixed with water enough to make a stiff mortar. A rough inner surface is necessary to prevent the birds slipping and may be secured by covering the trowel with carpet before smoothing. Or a layer of sand may be filled in the bottom of the basin. Small birds are timid about venturing into water deeper than 1 to 2½ inches and it should be more shallow at the edges. Unless running water is at hand, clean out and refill once a week. A tray of choice food near may hasten the birds' acquaintance with your bathing facilities.



WILD DUCKS IN LAKE MERRITT PARK, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

The Golden Eagle at Close Range

NORMAN CLYDE

THROUGHOUT the wilder mountainous regions of the West the golden eagle is still occasionally seen. Whether quietly soaring in the sky, sweeping along cliffs in graceful curves, or darting downward with the speed and accuracy of an arrow, this bold and powerful bird is in perfect keeping with the setting of wild and rugged mountains in which it usually dwells.

In the Sierra Nevada of California, especially along its lofty crest and the precipitous gorge-furrowed escarpment of its eastern face in places upwards of 10,000 feet in height, it is not infrequently seen at any season of the year. For hours at a time it can sometimes be observed circling about the lofty peaks and darting back and forth along the fronts of sheer cliffs. When weary of such aerial gymnastics, it may alight on the summit of a high peak, especially of one terminating in a sharp pinnacle. Upon surmounting one of these, perhaps the first time for human foot, the mountaineer may find it a favorite perching place of the golden eagle, and such it may have been for countless centuries.

The golden eagle preys on a considerable variety of animal-life, the jack-rabbit and the marmot ground-hog being among its favorite quarries. In the high Sierra it probably lays a heavy toll on the Sierra hare, a large species usually heavier than a jack-rabbit, generally found at elevations above 8,000 feet, even in mid-winter. In snow regions at least it has the bad habit of preying on the young of the mountain sheep and goats. As a rule it swoops down upon its prey from a considerable height. Once, however, I saw a pair of them repeatedly darting from an elevation of only a few rods at a jack-rabbit which was making desperate efforts to reach a patch of brush, efforts which, however, proved in vain.

Its habit of alighting in the topmost pinnacles of lofty peaks has been the occasion of several interesting experiences to the writer. Once while seated reclining against

the cairn on the summit of Mt. Humphreys in the southern Sierra Nevada, an elevation of 13,972 feet above sea level, I suddenly heard a rushing sound. Upon turning my head, I saw an eagle swooping down directly toward the cairn, but discovering me, he swerved slightly so as to sweep past almost within arm's length. After darting downward for a few hundred feet it rose abruptly and after gaining considerable elevation, began to soar about in the sky as if nothing had occurred.

A few miles north of Mt. Humphreys, on the top of Mt. Winchell, 13,749 feet above sea-level, I had a similar experience. While reclining in a coign just below the cairn I heard the same sort of sound coming from beyond the monument. As I looked around I saw an eagle poise in the air for a fraction of a second about twenty-five feet away, and then whirl abruptly to one side and sweep down along the precipitous front of the mountain.

Predator though he may be, we should not like to see this bold and picturesque bird disappear from the Sierra Nevada and other mountain ranges of the West. With the prevalence of long range rifles and of high voltage transmission lines which, on account of his wide spread of wing not infrequently bring him to grief when he chances to alight upon them, he is not likely to become sufficiently numerous to do any great damage, unless it be in localities where it is desired to give special protection to some form of life, such as mountain sheep or goats.

A Deer Heaven

ALFRED L. TOOKE

IN a great park at Nara, an ancient town that used to be the capital of Japan, you cannot go far before a deer, or perhaps several of them, will come nosing up to you. They have no fears that anyone will harm them, and wander about unmolested, for it is a very serious offense to kill or injure one.

It is said that when Buddha preached his first sermon in that great park, the deer came and listened, and Buddha decreed that henceforth they should never suffer harm at any man's hand.

Now, those deer create employment for many people who have gone into the business of making and selling rice cakes, of which the deer are very fond. If the deer see you go up to a seller of rice cakes, they will come swooping down upon you and you will be a close prisoner until the last vestige of the last rice cake has been handed over.

...
Fifty thousand or more earthworms, scientists tell us, are in each acre of fertile ground, toiling ceaselessly to improve conditions. Just how important earthworms are can be appreciated when it is known that without them all the fertile acres which now produce food would become hard and sterile. Rain water would not be absorbed, floods would be common, and plant life would degenerate.

To a Squirrel in the Square

KATHERINE KELLY WOODLEY

*Complacent little fellow in your overcoat of brown,
Were you happy when transplanted from the country into town?
Do you prefer your present life of indolence and ease
To gamboling in care-free play among the forest trees?
Although you have a compact house and scores of food-stuff, too,
I often watch, and wonder if these things appeal to you.
Have you a mind and heart, my dear? O, do you sometimes grieve
For some place of remembered charm that you were loath to leave?
It really seems a dreadful crime, a cruel thing to bear—
Enclosing active squirrels in a dusty city square!*

Road-Builder

MORRIS SALKIND

EVERY time that the garden slug takes a walk it builds itself a road to walk on. The path that has been taken during the night is marked out in streaks of white. Where the slug can not build a road it can not travel. It must have a road that it has made by itself.

A slime is secreted in the body of the animal. This slime smooths a way for it. When it is on a surface that it can not coat over, it is helpless. It will flounder about and struggle vainly. There is only one thing that the slug does under such conditions. It secretes more slime. More and more of this material does the slug give off until it is exhausted. If it can not get away, it will work there until it dies.

Experiments were made with these animals to determine how they found their food. A piece of potato was placed on the floor. The slug moved towards it in a straight line. The potato was moved to a different part of the room. The slug immediately turned around and again headed in a bee-line for the potato. The potato was then placed on top of a table. The slug headed for the leg of the table and climbed to the top. It did not stop until it had reached the food.

This proved conclusively that the slug had a very delicate sense of smell that it used to guide it. The experiments that seemed so worthless were put to great use. During the war, the government wanted to learn how to detect poisons in the air. The answer was hidden in the slug. It was put into a chamber that contained one part of the deadly mustard gas to 12,000,000 parts of air. The slug began to move his eyes. The gas was increased to one part in eight million. At this point, the slug began to give off a great deal of slime. The amount of mustard gas was doubled; the slug rolled around violently. This was the danger point for human beings. Using the slug as an indicator, many lives were thus saved.

Annual meeting of American Humane Association, Washington, D. C., Sept. 30—Oct. 3, 1935.

A Problem in Ethics

WALTER A. DYER



HOW SHALL WE TREAT INSECTS?

IN August the houseflies begin to multiply, and the spiders, who prey upon them, begin spinning their marvelous, wheel-shaped webs about the barn, the milking shed, and the woodshed. These wonderful little mechanics fascinate me and arouse endless speculation in my mind.

The other day I took the time to watch the spiders at their weaving. There seemed to be a certain routine and technique about the operation; having once obtained the necessary moorings, they always went about the intricate task in precisely the same way. The process was mechanical, almost automatic. Apparently it was an excellent example of that blind intelligence in animals known as inherited instinct.

But as I watched, one web was partially destroyed by a flying beetle that escaped. The spider seemed first to survey and study the damage, and then began his repairs in the most methodical manner. Was this also instinct, or was it some mental process more complex? In building a new web the problem is always virtually the same; in repairing a broken web it is never twice the same. Something like selection and judgment seems to be called for. Does this prove a power of reasoning, of constructive thought, on the part of insects? If you will watch the bees and wasps and ants, the same question may occur to you.

Before I could formulate any answer to this question in my own mind, my thoughts began to stray off in another direction. What should be mankind's relation to the insects, who so obviously possess certain faculties in common with us and, one might assume, certain rights? I not only admire the spider for his skill, but I praise him for destroying flies which, from the human point of view, are noxious. Hasn't the fly as much right as the spider to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? But I protect the spider because he kills flies; I swat the fly whenever I can. I even kill a spider when he strays into what I consider to be the wrong place. We protect the honey

bee and destroy the yellow-jacket. In other words, man has assumed for himself the authority of judge, jury, and executioner when it comes to insects.

As a matter of fact, we have declared war against the insects in self-defense. Just now, in my neck of the woods, the gypsy moth has been doing great damage over wide areas of forest, and local communities are co-operating with State and Federal agents to control this pest. Last spring the tent caterpillar played havoc in our orchards. We poison the insects that eat the products of our orchards and gardens, because we want them for ourselves. It is pure selfishness, and yet we do not doubt for a moment that we are justified. In fact, we have been warned that if we do not wage relentless warfare against the insect world, it may, in the end, destroy us.

The same puzzle is presented by conditions of life among higher animals. We decide, purely from a selfish point of view, which animals we shall befriend, which we shall destroy. I know people who are fond of dogs but who never miss a chance to kill a snake and who go gunning for woodchucks, red squirrels, and skunks. There are bird lovers who shoot crows. And there is the perplexing problem of the cat, the rat, and the bird. Because we detest rats and mice we praise the cat for killing them; then we turn about and want to shoot cats for preying on song birds, though there can be no difference in feline ethics. There are even cat lovers who want to shoot dogs.

You can carry out this inconsistency *ad infinitum*. We do not submit the question to a higher tribunal but decide for ourselves what we shall kill and what we shall protect, though the same Creator made them all. Has this question ever troubled you?

Shall we, then, spare all life, however lowly, however much of a menace it may be to our own lives and comfort, and let one rule govern all? I think no one who is not a hyper-sentimentalist or a Buddhist would go that far. Most of us eat meat and wear shoes that come from animals that have been ruthlessly slain to serve human needs. What, then, is the answer?

So far as I have been able to settle the matter in my own mind, my conclusion is this: No civilized person will kill or harm any animal, high or low, without some reason that seems upon mature reflection to be justifiable. Never kill in anger or resentment. Never kill for sport. Never kill, as some kill snakes, because of an unreasoning instinct. Never kill to satisfy some curiosity, scientific or otherwise. To kill for food or clothing, or in self-defense, is, on the other hand, only following a universal law which governs the life of the natural world and for which man is not responsible. I think the poet Cowper had the right angle on it, when he wrote:

*I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.*

The whole point, it seems to me, lies in the adverb, "needlessly."

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

SEPTEMBER, 1935

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Freezing Monkeys

If newspaper reports are true, a doctor, experimenter, research worker—call him what you may—has been freezing monkeys, (Heaven knows what other animals) and, after having pronounced them dead, bringing them to life again. At least one of the three came back to life, the other two did not survive. According to the newspaper (always very untrustworthy as to the facts), this man wanted to prove his theory that certain malignant organisms and dead tissues can be killed by freezing. Well, must he freeze to death live monkeys to do this?

We admit two things. First, newspaper reports are of doubtful value as to facts; second, we are not, from the research point of view, competent to judge how absolutely necessary it was to freeze to death three monkeys to find out if certain malignant organisms and dead tissues can be killed by freezing. But this newspaper report, which has outraged the feelings of thousands of humane people, looks very much like another effort of a research laboratory to satisfy an unwarranted curiosity that would pry into life's last secret whether any good was to come from it or not.

The whole profession to which this man belongs would save itself much bitter criticism, just or unjust, if it would keep reporters out of the laboratory and the story of its deeds from the general public.

Are We Civilized?

There lie before us as we write reports from North Carolina of such inhuman treatment of two Negro boys as seems incredible. These two short-term colored boys were imprisoned nine days in a cell where the cold was so bitter that their feet were frozen and had to be amputated. They appeared in court with no witnesses to speak for them but the silent footless legs. And the jury? Found the men responsible for the treatment which resulted in such suffering and loss, "Not guilty." One was a county physician and with him three guards who all pleaded not guilty. There are millions of choice people in our South country who indignantly condemn these cruelties. Alas that they still are permitted!

An International Humane Journal

THE Scottish S. P. C. A., now in correspondence with 305 other similar societies, at the International Congress held in Brussels this August, through its delegates, presented to the Congress a carefully prepared proposal for the "Institution of an International Journal." Such a Journal with an editorial committee, a legal committee and a technical committee would establish a kind of clearing house for the consideration of all questions in which societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are interested. It would unify humane work against many an evil from which animals suffer and keep before the world the story of what is being done to make the lot of millions of life's lowlier children a better one, and, not least of all, further the great cause of humane education in every land.

An Animal Census

The Imperial Economic Committee tells us that the cattle population of the world is approximately 600,000,000; of hogs about 300,000,000; of sheep about 750,000,000. Meat consumption in the United States and Great Britain is estimated at 150 pounds annually per person, in Germany 110 pounds, France 90 pounds.

"No Roost"

Did you ever hear of it? It is something like sticky fly paper designed to keep pigeons from roosting on window-sills and roofs. The following letter is the reply of our Chief Officer to an inquiry regarding our experience with it.

July 17, 1935

Mr. N. J. Walker
Albany, New York
My dear Mr. Walker:

We have had only one case of the use of "No Roost," but that was enough to prejudice us against it.

The owner of a near-by building bought some of this tanglefoot-like substance and ordered his janitor to spread it on several window-sills.

Shortly after a tenant of that building called us complaining that a pigeon was caught and was struggling to free itself. Our agents found the bird squatted in the sticky material, unable to rise and weak and apparently ill. Its feathers were matted—a sorry mess. Our veterinarians were unable to save it.

Both janitor and owner were ordered to remove the substance, but they delayed a day or two until another pigeon was caught and found by us in the same position and condition as the previous one. It may be, of course, that exhaustion, rather than irritation of or absorption by the skin, caused death—our doctors cannot be sure, but it is our prosecuting officers' opinion that once a pigeon happens to settle down or squat upon this sticky preparation it means the creature's suffering and probably slow death and that the person responsible is cruel within the meaning of the law.

Sincerely yours
L. WILLARD WALKER
Chief Officer

An Attractive Book

Do all our readers know that the University of London has an Animal Welfare Society? Has any university of any other land such an organization? We have never heard of it. What is more, this London University Society is vigorously alive and has just published its Third Animal Year Book, containing 181 pages. Here are some of the subjects that make up the volume: Whales and Animal Welfare. At the present rate of slaughter, something like 30,000 whales a year, the extermination of the whale is feared by those who have given the widest study to the matter. This raises a question, we are told in the article, of intense biological and ethical interest. Then follow in the Year Book pages upon Oil Pollution of Coastal Waters, Perfumes—many animals being used in this industry—Humane Education, Animals Abroad—seventeen countries being considered—Some Recent Books Reviewed, Is Electric Anaesthesia Genuine? and an Appendix stating the aims of the Society to be "the diminishing, by methods appropriate to its special character as a University organization, the sum total of pain and fear inflicted by man upon animals." Some of the articles are attractively illustrated.

The Air Rifle

Complaints come to us of the use of the air rifle in many of our cities and towns by boys destroying birds. It should be understood that in nearly all the cities and towns of Massachusetts there is an ordinance prohibiting the use of the air rifle except on one's own immediate premises. Lovers of birds who see this law violated should at once call the attention of the police to it. Even on one's own premises no song or insect-eating bird may be killed.

Relief for Work-horses

At the four watering stations for horses in Boston made available by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., thirsty animals were given water over 6,600 times between July 1 and August 3. At these welcome oases during the hottest days one can readily discern the amount of animal distress and suffering that is relieved.

Foreign Literature

We have a quantity of literature translated into Spanish and Portuguese which we shall be glad to send to any reader who will carefully distribute it among people speaking these languages. Apply to Secretary, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
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MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers	15,690
Cases investigated	508
Animals examined	6,248
Animals placed in homes	34
Lost animals restored to owners	26
Number of prosecutions	5
Number of convictions	5
Horses taken from work	31
Horses humanely put to sleep	15
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,705
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	67,375
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	2

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Maria A. Barlow of Ware, Fred A. Pond of Framingham, and Helen C. Butterfield of Wakefield.

August 13, 1935.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6103

Veterinarians

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E. F. SCHROEDER, D. V. M.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V. M. D.
T. O. MUNSON, V. M. D.
C. L. BLAKELY, V. M. D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V. M. D.
H. L. SMEAD, D. V. M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JULY

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	810	Cases	2,571
Dogs	592	Dogs	2,123
Cats	192	Cats	384
Birds	15	Birds	54
Horses	7	Turtles	3
Rabbits	3	Horses	2
Goat	1	Rats	2
		Goat	1
		Squirrel	1
		Monkey	1
Operations	878		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915			
1, 1915		130,827	
Dispensary Cases		311,925	
Total		442,752	

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	118
Cases entered in Dispensary	367
Operations	124

Mrs. Marion T. Rankin

After a long illness, Mrs. Marion Thatcher Rankin, president of the Brockton, (Mass.) Humane Society since 1920, died at the Brockton Hospital, July 22 last. Besides her interest in humane work Mrs. Rankin was prominent as an elocutionist, a coach and participant in amateur theatricals, and as a worker in the New Jerusalem church. Her loss to the Humane Society is told in the following tribute issued by the organization of which she was so long the head:

"Life's book is closed, her work is done. Our beloved president, Marion Thatcher Rankin, has been called to the great beyond. Mrs. Rankin has been at the head of the Brockton Humane Society for the past 15 years and her death leaves a vacancy which will be hard to fill.

"A woman of sterling character and brilliant understanding, an efficient leader who gave the best in her to carry on the work she so loved. For months she suffered, but her brave, courageous way made it impossible to believe death was near, and it is indeed hard to realize she has been taken from our circle, where she was so needed.

"We must pick up the work where she left off and try to carry on as she would have done. Her untiring labors were not in vain for she accomplished much.

"May our footsteps follow in the path she trod."

The Loud Speaker

ONE of our field representatives in Humane Education work, the Rev. R. E. Griffith, of De Land, Florida, has attached to his automobile a loud speaker. He writes from Hendersonville, N. C.:

"Soon after arriving here I had an interview with the Mayor who received me cordially. He gave me permission to use the loud speaker anywhere in the city. Hendersonville has a population of between five and six thousand. At this season there are, according to reports, about four thousand tourists in or near the city.

"One thing here is of particular interest in our work. A farmers' market is maintained and is open on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. The building is perhaps a hundred feet long. There are booths on two sides and one end. Here the farmers come from both the mountain and valley farms. The display of produce is remarkable. I am sure that many of the types of people that one sees would interest you. Just across the narrow street from the market there is a vacant lot where I park my car and use the loud speaker. Some of the mountain folk seem to find my outfit as interesting as I find them. The work of our Society is new to them and some of them express amazement at the scope of the humane movement, or some words of appreciation. I have used the loud speaker frequently in the business section of the city.

"I have probably reached 2,000 people—perhaps more. Several teachers have expressed the wish that I do some work here in the schools which open early in September. I have been pleased with this as I understand North Carolina has no compulsory humane education law. I have left literature with the police and put out posters. I have been to Brevard, twenty miles from here, talked with the people and been requested to speak in the schools when they open."

Pure-bred Salukis

The picture on the front cover of this issue shows a fine litter of Salukis, born August 3, 1934, and owned by Edward K. Aldrich, Jr., at the Diamond Hill Kennels, Cumberland, R. I. Their leashes are held by the Misses Edith and Hazel Brown.

The Saluki is an Arab breed which has been little changed from its original type. It is the dog for which the native Arab has borne a never-ending love from time immemorial.

MASS. S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Some Prosecutions in July

For cruelly abandoning a cat an offender was found guilty and fined \$5.

Leaving a dog without provision for its feed while owner was away, owner was convicted and case was filed.

Another defendant, who threw a pair of sheep-shears at a dog and injured him, was convicted and case was put on file.

The owner of a horse that was afflicted with an infectious disease refused to allow the animal to be killed. The court granted a warrant for the seizure of the horse, whereupon it was declared of no value and was ordered destroyed.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
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Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR JULY, 1935

Number of Bands of Mercy formed,	74
Number of addresses made,	81
Number of persons in audiences,	12,028

Societies' Annuity Bonds

THE Annuity Bonds of our two Societies are absolutely safe and yield a return according to one's age. They make their appeal ordinarily to people over 40 years of age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill it in and mail it now.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me the folder about your Annuity Bonds.

Name
Age
Address

Watch the Child's Reading

LESTER BARNCLIFF

TODAY it is generally understood that much of this country's crime is caused by the wrong kind of reading. Most thoughtful parents try to guard their young children against crime stories, detective thrillers, and other lurid trash known to have played a part in the making of "baby bandits."

Such books do their harm by dulling the young person's sense of justice and teaching him cruelty and disregard for all living creatures but himself.

But many books and magazines not commonly classed as thrillers have much the same ultimate effect. Recently a mother was surprised to find in one of her child's books an entire chapter on how pet animals were abandoned, "gotten rid of," etc. Wisely, she fed that volume to the kitchen range, before the child had read it.

In another household, the fourteen-year old boy enjoyed reading hunting stories. The parents had not barred the sporting magazines from the library table, but one evening the mother looked over her son's shoulder and discovered that he was reading all about how to make a success of trapping, its profits, fascination, thrills, etc. Censorship in that home since then has been thorough, not partial. I think sporting magazines are "poor stuff" for even adults; and they may be devastating to boys in their teens.

It has been shown many times that reading which teaches kindness to dumb animals encourages kindness in general; so it must be equally true that such reading matter as makes cruelty to the lower creatures seem unimportant or "smart" contributes to foundation for crime.

Animals are so interesting to young people that your children are quite certain to want to read about them. And these stories and articles are highly helpful in character formation, *if wisely chosen*. They are one of those inevitable modifiers of child life that may be either very helpful or very harmful.

One way or another, your child is going to learn a lot about animals and man's treatment of them; and much experience has proved that the child's investigation should be guided by parental selection of the reading matter.

Any city library contains many books on animals, books and magazines that will encourage the attitude which you wish your child to develop. And the library attendants are there to help any person find what is wanted. Unless you are definitely familiar with the books you desire, it is better to depend on the librarian's suggestions, after you explain just what kind of reading you want.

If you live in the country or in a town too small for comprehensive library service, write a postal card to any of the large publishing houses in your nearest city. All you have to do is state what line of reading you are interested in and ask for catalogs. No, that isn't all; examine for yourself any book intended for the child before he even sees it.

Visiting the Fondouk at Fez

OUR many readers who have contributed to the American Fondouk at Fez, Morocco, will read with pleasure the story told in the magazine *Apéritif*, published at Santa Barbara, Calif., by Eleanor Hoffmann, of her visit to the Fondouk.

The editor of the *Apéritif* has kindly given us the privilege to take from the story such passages as our space permits:

The Stars and Stripes fly over two buildings in French Morocco,—one is the American consulate at Casablanca, the other is a building that houses donkeys and mules in the old imperial capital of Fez. The American citizen can appeal to the Stars and Stripes in "Casa" for justice and the Moroccan burro can also appeal to the same flag when he has been pricked and goaded to the point of death. In other words Fez, Morocco, has the only foreign branch of the American Fondouk Maintenance Committee,—the American Fondouk.

I find it most entertaining to go out with the Fondouk staff and hunt donkeys. You drive slowly with Mr. X. along the roads that lead out of Fez while Muhammed, the Arab interpreter, keeps watch from the rumble seat behind. Suddenly you sight a drove of donkeys trotting down from the hills under paniers of charcoal or quarried stone. A little barefooted Berber boy is poking their flanks. We stop the car and examine his stick. At the end we find exactly what we expected, a nail, for in each little black rump is a raw wound. We confiscate the stick. Muhammed asks the child who it is that owns these donkeys and finds that it is perhaps the proprietor of the quarry. Perhaps five out of fifteen sticks are confiscated. The boy who cannot read is given a business-like receipt for each animal and Muhammed drives the invalids back to the Fondouk.

The next day the owner, who cannot read either, comes in puzzled anger to the Fondouk to find out what it is all about. The Fondouk explains that whenever its staff finds animals with skin broken by prodding, with badly fitting pack saddles, over-loaded or starved, it will confiscate these animals and keep them free of charge until they are cured.

There is a cupboard in the Fondouk office that reminds me of the torture chambers of Nuremberg. In it is a collection of all the instruments used to prod donkeys. Arabs cannot always afford nails to fasten into the ends of sticks, but along every roadside grow century plants with their spine-tipped leaves. In spring a poisonous sap makes the wounds inflicted by these spines doubly infectious. The Arab also uses a curved needle about a foot long for mending his saddles. Pricking with these needles doubles the pace of any pack animal. There are over six thousand of these confiscated needles in the cupboard.

When a gray-bearded Ali or Ahmet first comes down out of the hills to bring the curses of Allah upon these impudent Roumis and their Fondouk, he enters the gate and looks about and cannot help stroking his beard in amazement. He sees the mules and horses. Before him stretches the cement foot bath where the beasts can stand in the shade and cool their feverish feet.

If it is morning, he will see each animal in turn led to the clinic where its wounds are washed and dressed.

The city of Fez itself has been told of the Fondouk by means of one of the mediaeval customs that persist in this mediaeval city. Five years ago a town crier went through the narrow streets and called out to the owners of beasts to whom the written word meant nothing:

"In the Batha quarter is a Fondouk. Bring your sick and injured animals there and by Allah, it will not cost you the slightest guirish."

It does not interest the "Fassi" or the Djebali,—the people of the hills,—to know where the money comes from that cures their animals. They cannot read the memorial tablet on the gate that says:

American Fondouk in Fez
erected in 1929 A. D.
by

AMY BEND BISHOP
In memory of her Mother
A great lover of animals.

They do not know that each year generous Americans are asked to give money to heal the beasts they injure thoughtlessly and cruelly. I say thoughtlessly as well as cruelly, for I do not believe the Arabs often inflict pain deliberately. They are stoical about their own suffering. With them it is a question of less sensitive nerves as well as of ignorance. When their animals are half starved they are often half starved themselves. With their famines and their own diseases they and their children are often in need of as much help as their animals.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for June, 1935

Daily average large animals	29	
Forage for same		\$ 63.66
Daily average dogs	7.6	
Forage for same		7.47
Put to sleep	7	3.12
Transportation		2.76
Wages, grooms, etc.		71.71
Resident secretary's salary		131.58
Superintendent's salary		82.24
Veterinary's salary		29.61
Sundries		26.23
		\$418.38

Entries 53. Horses 7, mules 11, donkeys 35.
Exits 42. Horses 10, mules 5, donkeys 27.
Out patient cases, 79.

Superintendent's Notes: Kilometers traveled, 112; cases investigated, 292; animals seen, 4,203; animals treated, 909; animals sent to A. F., 35; pack-saddles (infected) destroyed, 10.

...

Our readers interested in the work in Fez will be pleased to know that the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association of London has just contributed \$40 for the erection, through our American Fondouk Maintenance Committee, of a Fountain at Fez to bear the title, "Gift of the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association." This will add another of the much needed places for the hard-worked and so generally thirsty beasts of burden of that great city.

...

Plan now to attend the annual Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., to be held at Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Wednesday, December 11, 1935.



CHRIS. SEWELL
(England)

For, heterodox as it may seem, Tom and Tabby are no longer the exclusive joy of the old maid; they have quite a large following among the sterner sex.

Of course there were always masculine cat-fanciers. We can go back to the celebrated Bishop whose dignified Persians had their own places at his dinner table, and were waited upon with due ceremony by obsequious men servants. But he was by way of exception.

Now it is not unusual to hear in doggy conversations that "gentlemen prefer cats," even though one may feel that there is something a little wrong about it.

At a social gathering some time ago I was talking to an elderly man whom I found in many respects "difficult." We did not see eye to eye. I respected his views, but could not subscribe to them, and did not want to hurt his feelings. Conversation was, in consequence, rather heavy-going.

Suddenly we lighted on the subject of cats, and forthwith we were rattling away nineteen to the dozen.

He had a cat superior to anything that was ever thought of. So had I. We were rivals, but animated and happy ones! It was as though a couple of youthful parents were comparing notes as to the respective merits of their first-borns!

And what of the English judge who, the other day, trying a case in which Grimalkin was (so to speak) in the dock, observed pensively "I'm very fond of cats," and acquitted it?

Just before the Great War I was tremendously impressed by an account I read in a reputable magazine about the "Talking Horse of Elberfeld."

This animal trained by its owner from colthood in the use of the alphabet was alleged to have written a note (i.e., nosed into position a selection of lettered squares) beginning "My dear Mistress" and embodying a message "Give my love to Daisy."

I have recalled this amazing incident because Daisy was the household cat.

I suspect that the Talking Horse wished to stand well with Daisy.

There is something mystic and, by the same token, alluring in the make-up of the cat.

Have you ever noticed how it gives you the impression of waiting for something—some tremendous and unique event, which dwarfs all our pigmy preoccupations and snubs our fussiness?

It is as though it said, "Some day I shall

Concerning Cats

A well-known English daily paper has recently featured a correspondence on the rival merits of dogs and cats.

Many people were, I dare to guess, surprised, if not indignant, to find pussy so frequently given pride of place. And not always by women.



THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

wake up completely, and look you straight in the face, because it will have happened. I shall have come into my own, and be able to explain my reserve. I shall then be permitted to tell you why I cajole and ingratiate myself, when I need your services, and turn my back, when I don't. Meanwhile, don't worry, I'm going to sleep again."

I even find it easy to understand how the ancient Egyptians, with their fears and superstitions, came to propitiate this animal and even to deify it. That implied secret which it seems to guard today must have struck the early dwellers by the Nile with positive awe.

After all, there is an undoubted similarity between the Sphinx sunning itself in the Lybian sands, and an outsized Tabby keeping her own counsel before a cozy fire.

One feels that the Riddle of one may quite easily be the Riddle of the other!

Carrier Pigeons as Reporters

ALFRED I. TOOKE

CARRIER pigeons have not yet been ousted entirely by telephones in Japan. Japanese newspaper reporters frequently take such pigeons along when reporting news from places where it would be difficult to secure a telephone, and since telephones are comparatively scarce in Japan, the pigeons still have plenty to do. They help to report everything from major disasters to important games and contests.

The birds are highly prized and are given every attention. A speedy bird, by getting home a few minutes ahead of that of a rival newspaper, can often give its owners a "scoop" on some very important news item. They have one great advantage over messenger boys in that they do not stop to look at every fight, or fire, or parade that they pass.

"Ghost" Dogs of Kerguelen

EDWIN K. PATTERSON

NO other island in the world has such a queer dog population as little-known and rarely-visited Kerguelen Island, the largest of the sub-Antarctic islands, in the Southern Indian Ocean. Uninhabited by man, and visited only occasionally by Antarctic whaling and sealing vessels, Kerguelen is known among seamen as the "Island of Ghosts." The "ghosts" are large white dogs with long hair; dogs which never make a sound as they glide about the island, and which vanish when pursued! They are not "ghost" dogs of course, nor are they very ordinary dogs, for they are most remarkable animals, indeed.

About sixty years ago when a German Antarctic Expedition landed on the island with some North American sledge dogs, some of the animals escaped and were never recaptured. It was thought that they would die, but, instead, they have bred and multiplied until at the present time there are thousands of dogs all over Kerguelen. The animals have long, white flowing hair, and when seen they hastily creep under cover, and will not approach. But whenever men land on the island the dogs, probably as a result of some inherited instinct, silently follow the visitors at a distance, watching, ever watching the men with their large round eyes. This, coupled with the remarkable fact that the dogs are entirely dumb dogs, never making a sound (having, as a result of their isolation, forgotten how to bark), has given rise to the legend that Kerguelen Island is inhabited by "ghost" dogs.

Kerguelen Island is also overrun with miserable-looking rabbits, all descendants of a number liberated there many years ago as a means of livelihood for shipwrecked mariners. But what the dogs and rabbits live on is problematical because of the scanty vegetation of the island. There are no other animals, except rats, on the island, which is also known as the "Island of Desolation." It is so sterile and storm-swept that there is not another place under the same parallel of latitude in either hemisphere which contains such little variety of vegetation. There are only four plants found on Kerguelen; these are a kind of wild-tea plant, a moss-like growth, a wild cabbage, and huge lichens which paint the faces of the mountain cliffs up to about 1,500 feet, beyond which limit all is naked and grim.

It is believed that the Kerguelen dogs and rabbits exist chiefly on this vegetation, and on the rats and the few sea-birds that nest on the island. The rats originally landed from a Norwegian vessel, which called at the island fifty years ago and established a whaling station. The station had to be abandoned, however, because it was impossible to get workmen to stay on the island for any length of time, owing to the isolation and the severity of the climate.

Begin now to prepare for Humane Sunday and Be Kind to Animals Week next year. The dates selected are: Humane Sunday, April 19; Be Kind to Animals Week, April 20—25, 1936.



JUST BACK FROM VACATION

Soibelman

Dogs in Cars

L. E. EUBANKS

A number of disagreeable things may happen to a dog that rides much in an automobile, unless his master gives the animal some consideration. Inflammation of the eyes is not uncommon, caused by the dog's hanging his head out the window, where the wind beats into his face. Tying the dog has been suggested, but that makes him nervous; a better plan, unless the weather is very warm, is to open the window enough for air but too little for the head's protrusion.

Dogs have been strangled by falling out the window when tied in a car. If you are determined to tie your dog, though, use a cord from each side, so that he cannot get out either window (assuming that they are both open.)

Leaving the dog in the car with all windows closed often causes suffering. The inside of a car sometimes gets exceedingly hot, especially when the sun gets to leather cushions! When you leave the dog so imprisoned, try to park the car where it will remain in shade until your return.

A long absence may be dangerous in another way, too. Your pet grows restless, the passing traffic aggravates his nervousness, and he starts to bark. A friend of mine was severely reprimanded on this account by a policeman. The barking became a nuisance.

On the highway, a motorist can usually find drinking water at will. But the dog cannot always drink at the same place, unless his master provides for it. Keep a vessel in the car for this purpose; it means a lot to the animal's comfort.

Don't let a dog ride in the front seat with you. No matter how well trained he is, there is always the possibility of a sudden movement by him causing you to fumble at the wheel, with serious results.

A Lesson in Kindness

"Be fruitful and multiply (your love) and replenish the earth (with it)."

As I waited for a bus, across the street from City Hall, Malden, a few days ago, when the mercury registered officially 92° and locally 95°, my eye caught sight of a small, light-brown, short-haired dog, sitting or squatting in front of a bubble drinking fountain. Occasionally he would rise and lick the moist concrete where water had spilled over and then resume the attitude that said plainly enough, "Please, someone, won't you give me a drink?"

While looking and thinking of the thoughtlessness on the part of the builders of the fountain who failed to provide a lower trough for dogs, a man stopped and looked and apparently spoke to the little dog. Then, turning on the water with one hand, he held the other cup-shaped until it filled and, stooping, offered it to the thirsty animal who was waiting expectantly. In just a few licks the water was drained from the kindly hand and the process repeated again and again, until it seemed that there was no end to the befriended dog's thirst.

Finally the man stopped and looked down upon the recipient of his kindness and seemed to hold further conversation with him, but the same appealing attitude was the answer.

Just then a lady joined the pair and smiled and evidently offered a suggestion, as she turned on the water while the man held both hands together. At last, success and satisfaction! After several of the improvised "cupfuls" had been "handed down" to him, the little animal hopped off the curb and went about his affairs, content that he had found a friend who understood his language and helped him to satisfy his desires. To me it was a strong lesson in kindness and also in resourcefulness.

HENRY A. LOVEJOY

Draft Horses

M. E. BAKER

*Dumb toilers of the street,
On ill-shod feet,
Thin loops of steel
Hold their great frames.
On the pavement's ice
They slip and reel,
And fall prone;
There they lie,
Staring, with heaving sides,
Then, with might and main,
They struggle and strain,
Half way—whole way—down again!
They make no moan,
But their eyes ask, why?
Why must we go
Where we cannot stand?
Their sad, patient eyes demand.*

With Good Intentions

LUISE CREANDIN

ABOUT half past eight this morning a team of horses hitched to a milk wagon were standing by the curb of one of our city streets. The driver was not in sight. The horses had their noses buried in feed bags, apparently having finished their meal some few minutes since. In this sweltering July weather these empty feed bags are a source of misery to horses and it was therefore with the best of motives that a smartly dressed, pretty young lady who was passing attempted to remove the bags from the horses' heads. The first one came off readily and she hung it on the hame, but when she tried to take the bag off the other horse's neck he grew frightened and threw up his head. Perhaps he was not used to ladies, or perhaps the young woman's costume (white hat, dress with white background having purple flowers on it, and large white handbag) frightened him. She, however, not realizing the horse's terror, continued with rapid motions her effort to remove the bag while the horse reared his head higher and higher until she had to stand on tip-toe to reach the strap of the bag.

Finally she succeeded in getting it off and with another quick motion was about to hang it on the hame when the horse began to plunge and back. Had it not been for the other horse, who calmly stood still, the wagon might have been upset.

This incident, which we witnessed from nearby in our car, serves to remind us that kind-hearted people who are moved to try to help the horses in the street—many of them truly sad cases in need of help—ought to exercise judgment about approaching animals with whom they are not familiar, as sometimes real harm can be done, not to mention the adverse criticism of bystanders. It is well to remember that a horse should be spoken to before touching him, that quick motions should always be avoided, and that large white objects are sometimes a source of terror to the horse, whose eyes see things not as the human eye does, but five times larger.

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in your will.

Last of His Line

SERGEANT HERBERT E. SMITH

IN keeping with the present-day trend toward mechanization, all animal-drawn transportation of the United States Army was recently ordered inactive and motors and tractors replaced the horses and mules.

The order brought particular sadness to the men of the Service Company, 28th U. S. Infantry, at Fort Niagara, N. Y. For the order meant all its horses and mules were to be sold.

And the men of Service Company hated the idea of seeing the mule, "Frisky," auctioned off, perhaps to an unappreciative,



SERGT. BARNETT AND "FRISKY"

inhuman peddler who might work the mule long hours, under meagre fare, hitched to a junk wagon.

No animal in the Fort Niagara stables had so endeared himself to the soldiers—yes, and to the ladies and children of the Army post, too—as had this famous old mule.

Frisky is a veteran. He is more than forty years old, was born in an Army corral in Texas and served in action in the Spanish-American War in Cuba, in Mexico with Pershing in 1916, and in France with the A. E. F. in 1918.

He knows tricks and traits that have endeared him to service folk. For one thing, Frisky knew all the bugle calls. When "Recall" sounded at 4:30 each afternoon, ending the day's work on the post, the mule would head for the stables, drawing his work-cart along. No matter if it was loaded, Frisky knew "Recall" marked the end of the working day, and that was all there was to it.

At Mess Call the sage animal would bray for his oats and hay—and get his "chow" with the soldiers. When "First Call" ushered in another day Frisky would whinny and bray until he was released from his corral.

Among his many tricks was an uncanny facility for unloosening knots. He often untied himself from the picket line; then, big-hearted as he was, he would untie all other mules and horses tethered along the same rope line. Finally he had to be penned up in a separate box-stall, to thwart

his mischievous bent for untying knots.

When a cart which he was drawing seemed, in his opinion, to be overloaded, Frisky would refuse to budge until the load had been lightened.

The parade ground at Fort Niagara, where the infantry troops drilled, was of soft turf, packed with special grass. Other mules and horses, scampering loose from the corral or picket-line, would often pull up there to nibble at the sweet grass. Frisky knew that the parade ground was forbidden territory. He never stepped hoof on it.

Frisky has a memory like an elephant. He never forgets an injury, real or fancied. Not that any of the garrison would ever be cruel to him, but sometimes recruits would thoughtlessly tease him. Woe to those recruits, later on! Frisky with his remarkable memory would nip them unplayfully on their shoulders, or would throw a mighty big scare into them by launching out at them with his steel-shod hoofs.

So the order to get rid of Frisky caused heart aches at Fort Niagara. The men did not want to give him up. Yet orders are orders and soldiers must obey orders in peace time no less than in war.

Captain B. E. McKeever of the Quartermaster Corps was the officer designated to sell the mule. Like every other man, woman and child at Fort Niagara, he couldn't bear the thought of seeing Frisky sold to strangers. He studied the order minutely and then, exultant, discovered the way out. The order said Frisky was to be sold, true enough; but it did not expressly state that the animal must of necessity be sold to civilian agencies.

The quartermaster-captain bought the mule himself, at the public auction. He had money enough. For he had made public his discovery and the Fort Niagara soldiers, rallying to Frisky's rescue, had raised a voluntary fund out of their own meagre pay.

Frisky was saved to the garrison, and placed in honorable retirement in a sweet clover-laden pasture down at the far end of the fort. Now he can disport himself at ease for the rest of his days. No more work for Frisky. There's but one fly in the ointment. What with the lack of exercise, the clover and blue grass diet, and the innumerable lumps of sugar being fed him by his soldier friends, the veteran is in a fair way of losing what was once a slim, boyish figure. He may have to go on a reducing diet!

There are still a good many horses earning their oats in Boston. Some idea of the number may be imagined from watching the great number of equines that are brought to a halt on any hot week day in Post Office square where they are watered through the courtesy of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

—Boston Post

Big Bug Family

There are said to be 1,110 different kinds of animals and insects in the world, with thousands of varieties of each, including 120,000 types of spiders, 50,000 types of butterflies and 40,000 types of flies.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Seventy-five new Bands of Mercy were reported during July. Of these 67 were in Illinois, six in Virginia, and one each in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 210,790.

How Tennyson Calmed the Pony

LESTER BANKS

THE beloved poet, Tennyson, once arrived at a station carrying a heavy package of books; and as his own carriage had not arrived to meet him, he was glad to accept the offer of a "lift" home.

Going up the steep hills, Tennyson suggested that he, the other man and the books were too much of a load for the pony to pull. Accordingly, he and the driver got out and walked for some distance in front of the trap—until they noticed that the books had fallen out.

The owner of the pony asked Tennyson to stand at the animal's head while he went back for the books. These he found a hundred yards or more down the hill, and on his return he found that the pony had at first been restless then become quite calm.

Knowing that it disliked strangers, he wondered how the poet had kept it quiet and was surprised to learn that Tennyson had managed the situation by holding his watch close to the animal's ear.

The Annual Fair, Women's Auxiliary, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., will be held at Hotel Vendome, Boston, Wednesday, December 11, 1935.

Beware: Little Woodland Creatures

DOROTHY L. HUNT

Bright-eyed little brown squirrel,
Timid, furry hare,
Chipmunk, grouse, and bobwhite—
Pray listen, and beware.
Your lives are all in danger.
Death stalks you for his prey,
For men and boys with shot-guns
Roam the woods today.

Each little woodland creature,
One harmless as another,
Hiawatha knew and loved you;
Hiawatha called you "Brother."
But these are not Hiawatha,
Who've marked you for their prey,
These men and boys with shot-guns
Who roam the woods today.

Then hare, leave not your burrow.
Squirrel, seek your hollow tree.
Bobwhite, and grouse, and chipmunk—
Pray heed this word from me.
Stay safely in your burrow—
Your nest, your hide-a-way;
For men and boys with shot-guns
Roam the woods today.

The Tramp

A. M. MOVIUS

A bundle on a stick contained his worldly goods; his clothes and his general appearance indicated he slept in haystacks, ate from back door-steps, if successful, and that bath-tubs and barber shop facilities were unknown to him.

Tagging at his heels was a dog, whose make-up matched his master's. They paused at a street crossing and when the "go" signal flashed, the tramp, much to the astonishment and amusement of other pedestrians, stooped and picked up the dog as carefully as if he had been a quality Pekingese, and carried it to safety across the street, where they continued on their way.

Was it manners, or what? Some affinity of heart unknown to any one. The tramp and his dog.

Mother Mouse and Her Family

A True Story

HELEN DICKSON

UP in the attic beside the chimney he had found it, so Pierre told the teacher, who was always so ready to take an interest in anything the children brought in for a nature lesson. This that Pierre had found was a nest of young mice.

"The mother mouse she is run away," Pierre explained, "so I think she will not mind if I borrow her babies for a nature lesson."

"It will make a very interesting nature lesson, Pierre," the teacher said, as he took the nest and laid it carefully on his desk. "The class may come and stand here while I show the nest and tell about the habits of mice."

The class quickly formed a semi-circle around the desk, crowding and jostling slightly as each tried to get a better view of the baby mice.

"Of course you know that mice are very harmful," the teacher went on, "they destroy clothes and furniture, and spoil food. So after we have examined this nest we must do away with these young mice that are harmless now, but would grow up just as destructive as any others."

Pierre's face lost its eager smile. He was sorry that he had shown the little mice to his teacher. He slipped out of the group of children and stole quietly from the classroom, while the teacher was absorbed in showing the children how the nest was made, and telling them about the life of a mouse. Before the lesson was ended Pierre was back in his place, raising his hand and snapping his fingers to attract the teacher's attention.

"What is it, Pierre?"

"Please, teacher, I went up to the attic where I found the nest, and the mother mouse was sitting where the nest had been, and there were two big tears on her cheeks."

For a minute the teacher made no answer. He appeared to be not a little confused. At last he said, gently, "Well, Pierre, if the mother mouse is feeling so sad I think you will just have to take the nest and put it back where you found it."

"Oh, thank you, teacher. The mother mouse, she will thank you also."

Then Pierre gathered up the little family and carried it quickly back to its home in the attic.

Retired Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. Recently a gift of \$5 was received.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.



LITTLE BROTHERS TO THE BEAR ENJOYING A FEAST

CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Bears' Bath-tub

MABEL OLDMAN

SEVERAL years ago someone threw away a portable zinc bath-tub when leaving Giant Forest, Sequoia National Park, California. The tub was rescued from the dump and taken to the bear feeding-place by the keeper, Ed. Metzgar, and filled with water.

The bears enjoyed their baths very much on hot days and their antics amused the hundreds of visitors immensely. Later the National Park Service built a large sunken cement pool for them, hauling water in a tank half a mile to fill it every day.

Forty or fifty bears come in from the woods at feeding time to eat scraps from garbage collected through camp and hotel grounds. Seats are provided for visitors and at times in the afternoon over a thousand persons are watching the bears eat or bathe. A ranger-naturalist gives a very instructive and entertaining talk about California brown bears and their habits.

The Scrambled Birds

ALFRED I. TOOKE

THE keeper of the zoo decided it was time to put new names on the bird-cages, so he got some of those gold letters that you stick on, and told the janitor to fix them to the cages. Now the janitor couldn't read, so he got a friend to pick out the letters for him and lay the names on a board in the same order in which the cages came. But a mischievous monkey got loose and jumbled the letters of each name, though fortunately he didn't get the name-groups mixed with each other. Anyway, the janitor came back and proceeded to letter the cages, and here are the names he put on them.

Can you unscramble the letters and tell the names of the birds?

ONE PIG
TEA LEG
IN LENT
GIRLS TAN
IS TORCH

ROUGES
GUN PINE
GAS BROKE
AIM PEG
RAIN CLAD

GREAT DRIP
NICE LAP
HEAT SNAP
OMAR WALKED
ROAST SLAB

Correct answers will be given on Children's Page next month.

*If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.*

EMILY DICKINSON

Taming and Photographing Gophers

LES TAYLOR

I was working in a gold mine that is isolated in the mountains down in the southern part of Montana where there is very little recreation. It was in the spring of the year, and I hardly knew what to do to pass the time away when I saw a half starved gopher come out of a hole in the ground after many months of hibernating.

The first thing I thought of when I saw this pathetic animal was to tame and photograph it. To tame a gopher in the spring is easy, for their staple diet consists of weeds and grass, and in the spring there are very few spears of green grass for them to eat. After watching them searching for something to eat I felt sorry for them and started to feed them table scraps which they relished as they came back for more.

In about three weeks, the gophers were eating out of my hands, and would sit on my feet. I thought I had them tame enough to photograph, but when I brought the camera out to

their feeding-ground they got scared and ran away from it as if it were their enemy.

To get the gophers accustomed to the camera was a difficult task which required ever so much time and patience, but I can truthfully say that as long as I had the camera around them there was only one time that one of them acted natural, and that was when a gopher jumped up on a log and stood straight as a soldier with his front feet doubled up in front of him.

This pose is where he got his nickname in the western states as a "picket pin," for at a distance he resembles a picket pin.



THE "PICKET PIN" POSE OF ONE OF THE GOPHERS

Answers to "Jumbled Animals" puzzle last month: Elephant, Kittens, Tapir, Chipmunk, Sea-lion, Rhinoceros, Porcupine, Leviathan, Marten, Antelope, Coyote, Leopard.

On to Washington

American Humane Association Offers Unusual Program, Sept. 30 - Oct. 3, 1935

JUST twenty-five years ago the American Humane Association held a memorable international convention at Washington, D. C., marked by the attendance of many foreign delegates. This year, beginning Monday, September 30, and continuing through Thursday, October 3, the annual meeting will be held again in Washington, with headquarters at the Mayflower Hotel, where the sessions will be in the Chinese room. Among outstanding participants are Mrs. C. Rowland Johns of London, England, who will speak on "Child Welfare in England Today," at the Tuesday morning session. The remainder of Tuesday forenoon and both sessions Monday will be devoted to work for children, with addresses on a variety of topics by experts from Boston, Buffalo, Rochester, Brooklyn and Washington, D. C.

Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and Monday evening will be left free for sight-seeing and informal group gatherings. Wednesday morning and both sessions Thursday will be devoted to work for animals. M. W. Skipper of Baltimore, Frank B. Rutherford of Philadelphia, W. J. Dethloff of Milwaukee, and J. R. Mohler, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, Washington, will speak on Wednesday, the last-named discussing "Federal Influence in Humane Treatment of Livestock." Wednesday evening will be devoted to an A. B. C. session, with Mrs. Charles M. Kindel, Jr., of Grand Rapids, Mich., in the chair, when opportunity will be given for informal discussions on subjects to be presented by delegates.

Thursday morning Mr. C. Rowland Johns, secretary, National Canine Defence League, London, will speak on "Telling the People How to Keep Dogs"; and there will also be addresses by Wm. F. H. Wentzel of Pittsburgh, Mrs. Edwin O. Lewis of Philadelphia, and Seymour Carroll of Columbia, S. C., field representative of the American Humane Education Society. At the final session, Thursday afternoon, there will be talks by Matthew McCurrie of San Francisco; John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Washington; and Charles A. Williams, Monte Carlo, Monaco, secretary of American Fondouk Maintenance Committee. Miss E. Maud Phillips of the Animal Rescue League, Boston, will again present her popular marionettes.

The annual banquet will take place Tuesday evening with Col. E. K. Coulter of New York City as toastmaster. Former

Governor A. E. Eberhart of Minnesota, now of the Federal Housing Administration; Miss Katherine F. Lenroot, chief of the Children's Bureau, U. S. Dept. of Labor; Mrs. Frances Hawks Cameron Burnett of Washington; Capt. Fergus MacCunn, chief secretary of the Royal S. P. C. A., London; and Judge Frank L. Baldwin of Youngstown, O., will be the principal speakers.

The entire program is under the direction of President Sydney H. Coleman of the Association, whose annual address at the opening session will summarize humane activities and present conditions as they exist today.

Ventriloquist Birds

MORRIS SALKIND

AMONG all the accomplishments of the feathered tribes their art of ventriloquy is most amazing. Numerous birds have learned the trick of making their voices heard from a different part of the forest than they are in.

In the South the chief ventriloquists are the rain crows. They use their powers to good purpose. Whenever anyone approaches their nests they make their voices ring out. The hoarse croakings appear to be coming from the opposite direction and lead the curious one away. Thus the nest is safeguarded.

The corncrake is another specialist at this game of leading away unwanted visitors. Should anyone come too close he causes a "crake, crake, crake" to be heard from an entirely different place. The noise rises and falls and echoes through the woods.

Perhaps the ablest of all the ventriloquists amongst the birds is the mocking-bird. The imitations of other birds and of many different sounds is only comparable with its ability to throw its voice. It can make its voice ring from any corner of the room that it may be in, or, if in the forest, it can make the trees resound with calls of birds that come from all about.

The bell-bird of South America has well-earned its name. It produces a bell-like sound that can be heard for great distances. At regular intervals the bird reproduces the clear ringing of the bell. Distant tinkles of a bell may be produced by a bird that is standing above one's head hidden by the protective branches.

It is said that none of these birds could be made to perform upon a stage. They could, especially the mocking-bird, excel the best performers of the art of ventriloquy.

Cup Awarded by S. P. C. A.

Mrs. Dibble Receives Recognition for Driving Undocked Horses

MRS. Florence F. Dibble, famous horse-woman of "Old Town Hill," Newbury, Mass., who drove a coach with four handsome horses in front of the Rockingham grandstand at Salem, N. H., on August 8, was presented with a silver cup by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., in recognition of her custom of always exhibiting horses with natural tails, instead of those with docked or set-up tails.

In the absence of President Francis H. Rowley of the Society the presentation was made by Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Mrs. Dibble's team set the record for coaching matched fours at 2:45 1/4.

The Bull-snake a Benefactor

A few years ago my clover and timothy meadow was almost ruined by gophers. These little pests would throw up great mounds of dirt in the meadow and when I would come along with the mower the sickle would clog up in these mounds and could not cut. I would hire boys to dig out the gophers but they seldom got one. But the gophers finally disappeared and after a time I learned the cause. Big bull-snakes had become plentiful in the meadow and they destroyed some of the gophers and scared others away. While a big bull-snake is not a pleasant sight to be surprised by, they are far less of a menace than gophers. Also the snakes destroy rats and mice and none of these small pests will stay in fields where the bull-snake lives. This species does not climb trees so it cannot be much of a menace to bird life.

WILLIS MEHANNA

"Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent annually on war materials. In 1930 the total cost of maintaining the armies and navies of the world amounted to \$4,500,000,000, a large proportion of which was used for the purchase or manufacture of armaments. The Editorial Research Reports for June 1, 1934, said: 'World armament expenditures were \$6,000,000,000 in 1931 and have probably increased since.'"

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining	20 00	Annual	1 00
		Children's	\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals": that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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